BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE
AND LADIES' MISCELLANY.

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"BORN TO NO MASTER, OF NO SECT ARE WE."

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JANE SHORE.

SELECTED FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Jane Shore was the daughter of a citizen of London. Her youth and beauty being her chief portion, she was induced to marry, much against her inclination, Mr. Matthew Shore, a goldsmith in Lombard-street, a person very rich, and far advanced in years. The fame of this lady not being confined within the limits of the city, soon reached the ears of majesty. The king [Edward IV.] made his addresses to her, and succeeded. Her husband, in consequence of this behaviour, left England, and she repaired to court; where she figured with splendour, in the sphere of gayety and festivity. Historians represented her as a beauty remarkably cheerful, and uncommonly generous. The king, they add, was not less captivated with her temper than her person, as she never spoke ill of, or endeavoured to prejudice him against any body.—She often, indeed, importuned him, but always in behalf of the unfortunate. She scorned to be rewarded for her good offices; her riches, therefore, were inconsiderable when she fell into misfortunes. By all the accounts we have of this lady, she deserved as many apologies for female frailty, as ever came to any woman's share. Her mind was formed for magnificence, as her heart was for virtue; both of them could not be gratified, and virtue sunk in the unequal conflict: yet, with so much modesty did she employ the power she had over Edward, that even the pride of the queen, the most sensible sufferer, was never offended at their unchaste connexion. The friendship she had gained by her benevolence, her affability, and munificent disposition, had distinguished her even in the beginning of this reign. It was upon the death of Edward she first began to feel the gripe of adversity. With the amiable Lord Hastings she continued her unlawful commerce, who, being strongly devoted to his royal master, did not discover his passion for his favourite mistress till he was no more. And now both she and her noble lord showed themselves so firmly attached to the young monarch and his brother, that they rendered themselves objects of hatred to the protector Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. who looked upon them as the chief obstructors to the execution of his ambitious designs. In order to give some colour to his proceedings against Hastings, whom he caused to be suddenly beheaded, Richard directed the sheriff of London to arrest Mrs. Shaw as his accomplice, and sent her to the Tower for examination. Nothing, however, her illicit connexions with Hastings excepted, appearing against her, it was matter of indignation as well as ridicule, to see the formal charge of treason and witchcraft terminate in a single penance. This penance she was obliged to perform on the Sunday morning next following, being brought clothed in a white sheet, by way of procession, from the bishop of London's palace to St. Paul's church, with the cross carried before her, and a wax taper in her hand. This sentence she underwent with a behaviour so graceful, and so resigned, that the punishment of her crime became, as it were, a triumph over the hearts of her beholders. Nor was her punishment confined to her person only; for the protector seized the little fortune she had made, about two or three hundred marks, and ordered her house to be rifled. It has been said also, his hatred pursued her to such extremity, that it was dangerous after this for any one to accommodate her with lodging, or the common necessaries of life.

Mr. Rowe seems to have built his tragedy of *Jane Shore* upon the foundation of an old historical ballad, which not only adopts the cruel order of Richard, but informs us that she perished with hunger in a loathsome place, since called Shoreditch. Whatever the severity exercised against her might have been, certain it is that she found support, and was alive (and sufficiently wretched also) in the reign of Henry VIII. It appears that Sir Thomas More knew her, but without the smallest remains of her former beauty. 'Proper she was,' says this great man, 'and fair; nothing in her body you would have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Albeit, some that now see her, deem her never to have been well visaged! whose judgement seemeth to me somewhat like as though men should guess the beauty of one long before departed by her scalp taken out of the charnel-house. For now she is old, lean, withered, and dried up; nothing left but shrivelled skin and hard bone. At this day,' continued he, 'she *begged of many at this day living, that at this day had begged if she had not been.*'

Mr. Hume, in his History of England, [see the reign of Edward IV.] speaks of our true *Fair Penitent* in the following manner:

'This lady was born of reputable parents in London, was well educated, and married to a substantial citizen; but, unhappily, views of interest, more than the maid's inclinations, had been consulted in this match, and her mind, though framed for virtue, proved unable to resist the allurements of Edward, who solicited her favours.—But while seduced from her duty by this gay and amorous monarch, she still made herself respectable by her other virtues; and the ascendant which her charms and vivacity long maintained over him, was all employed in acts of benevolence and humanity. She was still forward to oppose calumny, to protect the oppressed, to relieve the indigent; and her good offices, the genuine result of her heart, never waited the solicitation of presents, or the hopes of reciprocal favours: but she lived not only to feel the bitterness of shame imposed on her by this barbarous tyrant [the Duke of Gloucester], but to experience in old age and poverty the ingratitude of those courtiers who had long solicited her friendship, and been protected by her credit. No one, among the great multitudes whom she had obliged, appeared to bring her consolation or relief. She languished out her life in solitude and indigence, and, amidst a court inured to the most atrocious crimes, the frailties of this woman justified all violations of friendship towards her, and all oblivion of former favours.'

The elegant and pathetic tragedy in which Rowe has commemorated the frailties and misfortunes of the beautiful Shore, is universally admired by the readers of dramatic poetry. The following critique on the poetical powers of Rowe, will not be considered as inappropriate to the foregoing subject. It is extracted from Dr. Wharton's excellent 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope,' and has a particular reference to the tragedy of *Jane Shore*.

Rowe's genius,* (says Dr. Wharton), was rather delicate and soft, than strong and pathetic: his compositions sooth us with a tranquil and tender sort of complacency, rather than cleave the heart with pangs of commiseration; his distresses are entirely founded on the passion of love, his diction is extremely elegant and chaste, and his versification highly melodious; his plays are declamations rather than dialogues, and his characters are general, and undistinguished from each other. Such a furious character as that of Bajazet is easily drawn, and, let me add, easily acted.* There is a want of unity in the fable of Tamerlane. The death's head, dead body, and stage hung in mourning in the Fair Penitent, are artificial and mechanical methods of affecting an audience. In a word, his plays are musical and pleasing poems, but inactive and unmoving tragedies. This of Jane Shore is, I think, the the most interesting and affecting of any he has given us; but probability is sadly violated in it, by the neglect of the unity of time. For a person to be supposed to be starved during the representation of five acts, is a striking instance of the absurdity of this violation. In this piece, as in all of Rowe, are many florid speeches utterly inconsistent with the state and situation of the distressful personages who speak them. When Shore first meets with her husband, she says,

> †*Art thou not risen by miracle from death?*
> *Thy shroud is fall'n from off thee, and the grave*
> *Was bid to give thee up, that thou might'st come*
> *The messenger of grace and goodness to me.*

He then added some lines intolerably flowery and unnatural:

> *Give me your drops, ye soft descending rains,*
> *Give me your streams, ye never-ceasing springs,*
> *That my sad eyes may still supply my duty,*
> *And feed an everlasting flood of sorrow!*

This is of a far distant strain from those tender and simple exclamations she uses, when her husband offers her some rich conserves;

> ——————†*How can you be so good?*

And again:

> ——————*Have you forgot*
> *The costly string of pearl you brought me home,*
> *And ty'd about my neck?* How could I leave you?

She continues to gaze on him with earnestness, and instead of eating as he entreats her, she observes,

> ——————*You're strangely altered,*
> *Say, gentle Belmour, is he not? How pale*
> *Your visage is become! Your eyes are hollow,*
> *Nay you are wrinkled too——*

To which she instantly subjoins, struck with the idea that she herself was the unhappy cause of this alteration:

> ——————*Alas the day!*
> *My wretchedness has cost you many a tear,*
> *And many a bitter pang, since last we parted.*

What she answers to her husband, when he asks her, movingly,

> *Why dart thy dying eyes upon me*
> *With such an earnest, such a piteous look,*
> *As if thy heart was full of some sad meaning,*
> *Thou could'st not speak——*

is pathetic to a great degree.

Forgive me! but *forgive me!*

These few words far exceed the most pompous declamations of Cato. The interview betwixt Jane Shore and Alicia, in the middle of this act, is also very affecting; where the madness of Alicia is well painted.

The warmest admirers of our smooth, flowery poet must own the justness of many of the above observations, though they may think that some of the strictures are made with too rigorous a display of critical acumen.

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* There are, however, some images in Rowe strongly painted; such, particularly, as the following:—Speaking of the Tower,

> *Methinks Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,*
> Staring *with* meagre *forms thro'* grated *windows.*
> Lady Jane Gray, act III. sc. 2.

* This shews Dr. Warton's ignorance of the art of acting. *Bajazet* is a character of great difficulty.

† Act V. scene 2. ‡ Act V. scene 4

MISCELLANY.

THE MOORISH WIDOW.—A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

Three young Algerines, Attaher, Yesid, and Mahamed, were all desperately in love with a beautiful young widow named Zobeide, who being of a remarkably gay and sportive disposition, seemed determined never again to renounce the freedom she then enjoyed, and which is so dear to a temper such as she was possessed of; this character of her's may be easily discovered in the following curious incident.

The three lovers, unknown to each other, made a declaration of their passion to the charming widow: this gave her a fair opportunity of amusing herself at their expense, and she gave them each a private interview at different hours in the same day, and in three different places of an extensive and shady garden belonging to her dwelling.

Mahamed had obtained the privilege of the first rendezvous: he was punctual to the time appointed, and Zobeide was no less so. 'This is as it should be,' said she, 'your exactitude in keeping your appointment, is a proof of your love. But your ardour in desiring the possession of my person will not alone suffice; I must make proof of your virtue; I must be able to say, I have at length found a lover worthy of me. I love a man of real courage, and, if my lover desires to please me, he must fear nothing. Do you see at the further end of that dark walk a tomb? Well, that tomb is empty; and what I require of you is, that at nine o'clock this night, you will go and take the place that the mussulman, who has been struck by the angel of death, is to occupy to-morrow. I shall go there to meet you quite alone; and I swear by our holy prophet that if I find you there, my heart and my person shall be yours.'

The happy Mahamed submitted with joy to so slight a proof of his love, and retired, fired with impatience and ardour.

Zobeide then walked to that part of the garden where Yesid was waiting for her, who laid before her the most costly presents of gold and jewels.

'Keep your gold and jewels,' said she, 'I am in want of neither. The possession of Zobeide is not to be purchased by gifts. The splendour of yours may announce, perhaps, the ardour of your love, but the more vehement are your desires, so the more subject are they to evaporate when satisfied.'

'What is it you say? delight of my eyes,' replied the impetuous Yesid; 'do not you know that he who seeks by the possession of what he loves to extinguish desire, is like him who would stop the progress of fire by heaping on it dry chaff? Overpowered by your favour, the happy Yesid would only sigh incessantly for fresh proofs of your tenderness, as a plant dried up by the scorching sun-beams thirsts after the morning dew.'

'If such is your love, then,' said Zobeide, 'you will not hesitate at giving me a proof of it. In a tomb, at about two hundred paces from hence, and that you will discover at the end of yon covered walk, there will be deposited, at nine o'clock this evening, the mortal remains of one of my kindred: as this tomb is not covered over, neither will it be till to-morrow, I fear that some impious foot may defile the sacred abode of the dead. To drive away such daring mortals, as may be bold enough to profane this sacred spot, you must go there at ten o'clock precisely, habited as an angel of light, with a flaming torch in your hand, and you must sit down at the foot of the tomb. Your presence will thus terrify those who may be drawn there by the vain hope of possessing those ornaments that are interred with the deceased. At midnight your Zobeide will appear to you; she will share your solitude till the approach of morn, and as soon as Aurora shall appear at the gates of the east, Zobeide shall be for ever yours.'

Yesid, delighted, swore that he would religiously observe all tha the widow exacted of him, and called on the prophet Mahomet to witness his solemn vow.

Attaher, at the appointed moment, waited with impatience the arrival of the young widow. 'O thou!' cried he, as soon as he perceived her at a distance, 'thou, who wert born to enslave every heart, mine is led captive by thy charms; why, O why, dost thou cause me to languish, like the thirsty stag for the clear water of the fountain?'

'Pardon, my well-beloved,' replied Zobeide, 'if, yielding to my indignation, I suffered for a few minutes my memory to betray me, and forgot that Attaher was waiting for me.'

'Your indignation! Who, then, has dared to offend you? Speak: behold me here ready to avenge you.'

'Some insolent people belonging to the neighbourhood have dared to profane the tomb of my family, in placing therein the mortal remains of one of their own kindred.'

'Name them; tell who it is, that I may sacrifice them to your just resentment.'

'Even revenge ought to have its bounds. Learn to withhold thy hand, and to put a bridle on thy anger, saith the wisest among mortals. Spare the living, Attaher, but cause the dead to quit the sepulchre of my ancestors.—Nothing is more easy: the body is only watched by children. Disguise thyself, then, as an angel of darkness; spare nothing to make thyself hideous. In a word, render thyself as frightful as thou art now beautiful, and be at the tomb before eleven at night: these children will flee from before thee, as the timorous dove flies from the bird of prey.'

'I will execute thy sacred will; I swear, by thee, Zobeide.'

And Attaher immediately departed to put on the infernal costume, which he flattered himself was to lead him to the paradise of Zobeide's charms.

At nine o'clock Mahamed bent his steps towards the tomb. But he felt himself struck with terror: the part he was about to act intimidated him. I am going to sport with death, said he to himself, but what if death should make sport of me? Perhaps the fatal scythe is already whetted to cut off my days! He remained motionless for a few seconds, but his passion for Zobeide got the better of his fears; and he resolved to place himself in the tomb. But perhaps Zobeide might not come so soon as she had promised: he should certainly hear her footsteps at some distance, and it would then be time enough to perform what she had desired. Mahamed had provided himself with a dark lanthorn; and he walked round the tomb, visiting every part where he might hide himself.—He fancied he heard a slight noise; he trembled least he should lose his promised prize; he wrapped his winding sheet around him, and took his station as mournfully as if he had actually been the corpse he was representing. There he gave himself up to the most horrible reflections; a cold sweat bedewed his body, and he was every moment on the point of quitting the abode of death, to join the living. He had already made a few movements in order to leave the sepulchre, when he saw a light advancing towards it. Hope now fortified his heart; this light certainly announced the approach of Zobeide; that charming creature was about to reward him for his courage and his devotion to her will.

The unfortunate Mahamed was, however, deceived: this light proceeded from the torch carried by Yesid, transformed into an angel. He was habited in a long robe of cloth of silver, his face covered with a muslin veil, and four extended white wings adorned his shoulders. He sat himself down in silence at the foot of the sepulchre, wherein lay Mahamed more dead than alive.

Very soon after arrived Attaher, disguised as an angel of darkness. His face was rendered as black as ink, and two formidable horns were placed on his head: four black wings covered his body, and a white beard descended to his girdle: he held in his hands a flaming torch of black pitch, well rosined, and which emitted a sulpherous odour.

He perceived the angel of light; and thinking he only had to deal with a feeble child, he was not intimidated. He sprang to the opposite side of the tomb to seize his prey. The celestial spirit opposed him, and lifting his torch to his face, the false beard soon took fire. The devil, who was determined to owe nothing to the superior address of his enemy, answered by lifting up his lighted torch also; and the muslin veil became a prey to the flames. The pretended corpse, terrified at this combat, fancied that his guardian angel and the devil were disputing about which should carry him away. He leaped out of the grave, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Terrified at this sudden resurrection of the dead, the two angels quitted their combat, and separately betook themselves to flight.

They suspected, and with good reason, that it was Zobeide that had played them this trick: thus she got rid of her three importunate lovers, for not one of them durst again appear in her presence. [*La Belle Assemblee.*

ABOLITION OF THE TORTURE IN FRIEZELAND.

The president of the council in Friezeland, who is styled the Pensionary, having for many years witnessed with regret the fatal effects of the torture as applied to suspected crimininals to extort confessions of imputed guilt, and being convinced of the fallacy of this cruel test, endeavoured to prevail upon the magistracy to suppress it; but, to prevent the use of this punishment for the future, he was under the necessity of resorting to the cruel expedient of making one more innocent man suffer it. He got up in the night, and went to his gardener's room, from whose pocket he took a knife, and repaired with it to the stable, where he cut the throat of his most valuable horse, and then replaced the knife, undiscovered, in the gardener's pocket. As soon as the president heard of the accident, he appeared quite frantic with rage, and vowed he would punish the guilty person with the utmost rigour of the law! The poor gardener, at breakfast, innocently produced the knife, which, being bloody, his fellow-servants accused him of the crime.—The president got him arrested, and the evidence was so clear, the length of the blade agreeing with the wound, and all other circumstances were so full against him, that his obstinacy in denying it surprised the judges, who at length ordered him to be put to the torture. At first he bore it with great courage, but when his bones were almost dislocated, by the violence of drawing him up to the beam, and letting him down by a jerk, with weights tied to his feet, he confessed the fact, and every particular which they thought proper to extort from him. Then the president declared himself;—related the whole story as it happened, and told his brethren that unless the torture was absolutely abolished in the province of Friezeland, he would write to the Prince of Orange for leave to resign. In fine, his arguments prevailed; and on his representing to the prince the hard case of the gardener on whom he had been obliged to try this cruel, yet necessary experiment, the prince settled a considerable pension on him for life.

DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT.

WEEKLY THEATRICAL REGISTER.

☞ *The following remarks on Julius Cæsar, and Macbeth, received for our last paper, were unavoidably omitted.*

Friday, Feb. 20—Julius Cæsar. The representation of this noble tragedy was witnessed, on this evening, by the most crowded audience we have seen at the theatre since the days of Cooke; and the performance of the principal parts was scarcely inferior to that in which,—if we remember correctly,—Fennel, Cooper, and Caulfield, supported the leading characters. In *Mark Anthony*, Mr. Cooper has very little scope for bustle or ostentatious display;—but though he appropriates a very small portion only of the blank verse, yet what he does say, is uttered in the most effectual and admirable style. If it be not the most powerful, it is at least one of the most elaborate and pleasing of this actor's performances;—for, as the passions of this character are more simple in their nature, and uniform in their operation than many other of Shakspeare's principal heroes, it has none of the occasional improprieties in recitation and partial misconceptions of character, that lessen excellence of some of his more arduous and complicated personations. Mr. Cooper has all the requisites, both natural

and acquired, for the representative of the Epicurean paramour of Cleopatra;—his personal attractions, as well as the melody and spirit of his recitation, being strikingly characteristical of the elegant person, the insinuating manners, and ornate rhetoric of the Roman Alcibiades.

The whole apostrophe to Cæsar—'O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,' &c.—was a fine burst of feeling indignation;—and his speech in the market-place over the dead body, struck us as one of the most chaste, pathetic and elegant displays of elocution we ever witnessed on any stage. It came up, in our imaginations, to all the blandishments of manner, as well as the 'happy eloquence' of words, attributed to the voluptuous Anthony.—The friendly sorrow and subdued humility of the slaughtered Cæsar's advocate, who spoke but 'by permission';—his sophistical extenuation of Cæsar's faults, and insinuative enumeration of his merits; the crafty implication of the conspirators and gradual exposure of their 'bloody treason'; with the assumed forbearance by which he affects to allay the very inflammation he had artfully excited;—all these master-strokes of cunning, as they appear in this celebrated specimen of popular eloquence, were successfully delineated by Cooper with such delicate and characteristic touches, as it is not in our power to point out any parallel to among all his preceding displays of elocution.

The truly refined pleasure conveyed by the able representation of such classical dramas as *Julius Cæsar*, as well as the useful information insinuated, at the same time, with respect to the manners and the costume of other times and countries, is surely worth whole years of such dissolute and gewgaw entertainments as are necessary to make a bad company profitable to its managers, and disgraceful to those that support it. The frequent representation of such plays as that of which we have just been speaking, is indeed making the stage what, in truth, it ought and might be always made,—

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.

An imitation of life—the reflector of manners—and the representation of truth.

Monday, Feb. 23— MACBETH. It has always been admitted that the part of Macbeth puts to the severest test both the feelings and the judgment of his ambitious personator. Whatever may be effected by the most lively sensibility, and by all the delicacies of a discriminating mind, united to the power of effectually displaying every variation of the more exalted passions, is necessary to the adequate representation of this character. As a picture of native goodness, struggling with inordinate ambition, every reader of Shakspeare feels how full it is of sublimity and truth. The delineator (if he be ambitious of exciting in the spectator, sensations in the least allied to the intensity of those feelings that every reader experiences in the perusal of the tragedy) must wield a pencil not only bold enough to paint the deepest shades of confirmed villany, but of such delicacy as to sketch the 'many coloured' hues that mingle the boundaries of vice and virtue, of passion and reflection.

One might reasonably presume, that Mr. Cooper was capable of doing justice to every feature of the character, from his displaying in the most difficult part of the whole personation—the dagger scene—his most powerful and successful efforts; yet there were many parts of the performance, which, when compared with the excellence of this, did not by any means, 'bear an equal yoke.' Some of his soliloquies, in particular, although elegantly recited,—which is a merit he possesses in every thing—were not the soliloquies of Macbeth. Thus, in that which precedes the murder of Duncan,—'If it were done, when 'tis done,' &c. he appeared to forget both the situation of the character, and to confound the distinction between high-toned anger and the self reprobation which marks this speech. Macbeth, propelled by the urgency of present circumstances, and overwhelmed with the greatness and criminality of his designs, bursts out into these disturbed reflections even in the common hall through which the attendants are passing and repassing. If the peculiar nature of these cogitative soliloquies make an under tone in all circumstances most appropriate to the delivery of them, in no situation could this style of delivery be more necessary than in that of Macbeth's: And if any part of this speech require more of that subdued style of expression, it is certainly that where he urges the meekness of Duncan's virtues as 'pleading like angels' against the contemplated assassination. But, on the contrary, the sentence beginning with 'And pity, like a newborn naked babe,' &c. was delivered in a passionate exaltation of tone that would have been far more appropriate, had the Thane been indignantly rebuking Duncan to his face for some tyrannical exertion of his prerogative. A similar impropriety of recitation marked his exclamation, 'Sleep no more! Glamis hath murdered sleep,' &c. in the scene succeeding Duncan's murder. Now with whatever elegance of manner these improprieties might have been delivered, still they were no more appropriate to the real character of the speaker, than a ball dress would be at an interment.

We have already hinted at the inattention paid to the business of soliloquy, and now take the occasion to observe more fully, that there is no instance in which the practice of the stage departs farther from nature, than in the usual manner of delivering these monologues,—which the actor commonly performs by looking the audience very intelligibly in the face, and talking with them, instead of communing with himself; and this too, with much of the spirit and fluency of ordinary conversation. We take this impropriety to be one of the causes that have induced judicious critics—among whom, if we mistake not, Lord Kaimes may be reckoned—to regard the soliloquy as an unnatural appendage to the dramatic art and altogether improper. We are very far, however, from concurring in the opinion that thus condemns the most beautiful, and, indeed, the most natural portions of Shakspeare's dramas. There are *postulata* far more unnatural that must be admitted, before any kind of dramatic fiction can be supported in the representation;—such as a public assembly being privy to actions which every member of it knows were performed in secret. If we are thus gratuitously admitted into the closets of the *dramatis personæ*, why not into their thoughts—the utterance of which by soliloquy, is countenanced by the facts of ordinary life? Old men frequently express their cogitations audibly; and even men in the prime of life, when moved by strong passions, and a lively sensibility, do the same.—Upon this foundation has the dramatist built the practice that some would censure as unnatural. It only remains, then, that he make this peculiar species of dramatic composition characteristical of those extemporary bursts of an agitated mind of which a good soliloquy is the symbol.—And herein Shakspeare, as he eminently excels other dramatists in every thing else, so does he in this difficult species of writing. Let the actor, then, if he would satisfy the readers of this poet, be guided by his accurate distinction in this respect, and endeavour to make the delivery of these impassioned monologues differ as much from the unembarrassed volubility and high tone of common dialogue, as Shakspeare makes the composition of them vary from the premeditated decision of conversational speech.

We would not imply, however, by these observations, that actors neglect these necessary distinctions *altogether*, but we say that they are by no means so much attended to as to preserve, as they ought and might do, that fiction of the scene, which is so captivating to the fancy of the spectator.

In the concluding scenes of the tragedy, Mr Cooper depicted with admirable force, the stern bravery and haughty defiance of the tyrant; they were full of that fiery animation which he is always and eminently happy in breathing into his battle scenes.

On the whole, Mr. Cooper's performance of Macbeth the last season, gave us a much livelier impression of his excellence in this arduous part, though generally speaking, we think he continues to make a continued progress in his profession. He evidently improves in the accuracy and discrimination of his reading, and his general style of acting becomes yearly more chaste and subdued to the model of nature. Of his last performance of Mark Anthony, in particular, we can confidently say, that it was the most perfect specimen of his acting we ever saw.

With regard to the peculiar character of Mr. Cooper's talents, as compared with his eminent English contemporaries, we are able to judge in one instance only from a transient view of the celebrated Kemble, under whom Cooper, as we are told, formed his style. Compared with his great model, then, he has, we think, more variety and grace in his manners, but is inferior to Kemble in elevation and majesty. The British Roscius gives a relief and brilliancy to the more salient features of passion, of which Cooper falls infinitely short; he has likewise the advantage of his pupil in a more strongly defined and expressive physiognomy.—Neither is eminent for pathos.

It appears to us, however, that this excellent actor has, after all, a professional character distinct from that of a mere imitator, and peculiar to himself. His powers, then, as they strike us, seem to consist rather in the fascination of his manners, than in any definite hold he takes of the sympathies of his audience; he impresses us rather with the elegance of his recitation, than with the force and identity of his personations: We admire, where we should feel, and carry away in our memory those beauties, which some performers would impress upon our hearts. If we were desired to point out a style among writers analogous to that of Cooper's in acting, (and if this analogy hold in painting, it must in a sister art) we should say, that Bolingbroke's style would admit of such a parallel. Thus this splendid writer displays a thousand beauties of expression, and a commanding felicity of manner throughout all his performances;—yet when we come to examine the foundation of our pleasure, we find that we have been delighted not with what he has said, so much as with the manner of saying it: the brilliancy of his *colouring* concealing that want of variety and invention, which is essential to the character of a masterly *composition*.

Tuesday Feb. 24—JULIUS CÆSAR was repeated this evening to another crowded audience, and performed with still more ability than on its first representation.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1818.

MRS. WHEATLEY.—The performances at the theatre on Monday evening next, are for the *benefit* of this accomplished actress; and the entertainments announced for that occasion are of a highly attractive character. The elegant Comedy of the *Provoked Husband*, was considered previous to the days of Sheridan, the very first in the language for the interest of its plot, and the spirit and humour of its dialogue. The interlude of 'Personation,' is said to be a very whimsical *petit piece* which was performed with great success at the New-York theatre, some time ago, for the same lady's benefit. It will give full scope to Mrs. Wheatley's Protean faculty of personal transformation, for during its representation, she changes her character *Four*, and Mr. Duff *Three* times. The afterpiece of *Turn Out* will require both the humourous and vocal powers of the same actress. Mr. Bernard in *Restive* must be as irresistible as in every character of the like stamp. It may be added, that the best strength of the *dramatic corps* is enlisted for the support of Monday evening's performances. (*Centinel.*

The brig Messenger, which sailed from this port on the 29th Dec. with a cargo designed for the suffering inhabitants of St. John's, arrived at that port on the 16th January. The relief was received with transports of gratitude. The commander of the Messenger was immediately voted a *piece of Plate* of the value of 25 guineas—the inhabitants in town meeting expressed their gratitude to the citizens of Boston, and their governor, (*Pickmore*) writes to our committee, 'I feel myself unable to express in adequate terms on the part of those whose relief has been the object of the humane consideration of the inhabitants of Boston, the feelings which this generous act has excited.' The Rev. Mr. Sabine announced 'the magnanimous benevolence of their American brethren' to his flock, and intimated that he should attempt an appropriate sermon on the subject, with a view to its publication both in Europe and America. The following were the articles contributed:—174 bbls flour, 125 bbls. meal, 11 tierces rice, 29 bbls. and 963 bags bread.

The Governor has appointed Thursday, the second day of April next, to observed as a day of humiliation and prayer throughout this Commonwealth.

Mr. MATTHEW S. PARKER was this forenoon chosen Cashier of the *Suffolk Bank*.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, on Monday evening, by Rev. Mr. Channing, Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, pastor of the First Church in Chauncey-place, to Miss Ann Gorham Brooks, daughter of Hon. Peter C. Brooks, of this town.—Mr. Joshua Morse, to Miss Sarah Tileston.—Mr. Cotton Strong, to Miss Sheba Russell.—Mr. Leonard Harrington, to Miss Mary Trask.—Mr. Nathaniel Bryant, to Miss Clarissa Johnson.—Dr. Samuel Randall, to Miss Abigail W. Tyler.

DEATHS.

In this town, Mrs. Mary, wife of Walter Hughes, Esq. of the Theatre, aged 32, a native of England.—Mr. Elisha Callender, aged 59.—Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Chauncey Owen, aged 20.—Mary-Ann, daughter of Mr. Asa Holbrook, aged 14.—Mr. Oren Harden.

POETRY.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THERE was a time, when bliss complete
Enrob'd each hour;
When pleasure's purling streams would meet
In love's gay bower:
But now, beneath the arbour's shade
No joys invite—
Chill'd are the rills, their courses staid,—
There's no delight.

There was a time, when hope inspir'd
This feeble clay;
The soul with fleeting visions fir'd,
Knew no dismay:
But now the pleasing phantom's fled;
'Twas but a dream—
Hope's glitt'ring star has hid its head,
Withdrawn its beam.

There was a time, when music's power
Would joy impart;
When softest melody beguil'd the hour,
And sooth'd the heart:
But now no more the chaunt is sung;
Sweet echos cease;
The harp upon the willow's hung,
And rests in peace.

There was a time, when *friends* would grace
The festive board;
And cheerful smiles beam'd on each face,
With plenty stor'd:
But when no more the *viands* cheer'd,
Nor bright *tokay*,
Those *friends*, ungrateful, disappear'd—
Not *one* would stay.

There *is* a time approaching fast,
Will end all wo;
When discord's unrelenting blast
Shall cease to blow:
'Tis when the mandate of our God,
In mercy given,
Will call us to his blest abode,
With HIM IN HEAVEN.

SAM.

THE DEATH OF HOPE.

WITHIN the garden of my mind
A blooming plant arose,
Of all the intellectual flow'rs
The loveliest, best that blows:
From cank'ring worm and noxious weed
I screen'd its tender root;
The virgin blossom flourish'd fair,
And promised golden fruit!

Each morn the sun of virtue shone
Irradiant o'er its stem,
And on its budding honours gleam'd
Affection's dewy gem;
It breath'd the purest fragrance round,
The richest sweets display'd;
Where pleasure, like the wanton bee,
A honied banquet made.

A rosy troop of laughing Joys
Danc'd, blythsome, round its bed;
But ah! they'll frolic there no more,
For Hope, their flower, is dead!
The freezing blight of slander came—
Its little life was o'er—
It sicken'd, wither'd, droop'd, and fell,
To bloom, alas! no more!

[*Ladies' Museum.*

Solution to our last Enigma—'*A TONGUE*'

AMUSEMENT.

THE PIOUS ROGUE!—A FRAGMENT.

——'HAVE you aught more whereof your conscience should be purged,' said the venerable father Anselm, addressing a kneeling sinner at the confessional. 'Yes, holy father,' replied the penitent, 'I have committed the foul sin of theft—I have stolen this watch, will you accept of it?'—'*Me!*' exclaimed the pious priest; '*me* receive the fruit of thy villany!—how darest thou tempt me to the commission of so abominable a crime? Go instantly, return the watch to its owner.'—'I have already offered it to him,' replied the culprit, 'and he has refused to receive it again; therefore, holy father, I beseech *you* to take it.'—'Peace, wretch!' rejoined Anselm, 'you should have repeated the offer.'—'I did repeat it, holy father, and he persisted in the refusal.'—'Then I must absolve thee from the sin thou hast committed.'— * * * * * * * * * * * *—The purified Catholic had scarcely departed, when the astonished father discovered that *his own* watch had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited, near the confessionary!!!

DEATH OF GIBBERT.

THIS unfortunate man, whose satiric writings were all on the side of decency and morality, was towards the decline of his life so overwhelmed by misfortunes, disappointment, and poverty, as to be bereft of reason; and he resolved on self destruction at a time when he was confined in the prison of the *Bicetre*, or Bridewell of Paris. Here he one day swallowed the key of his writing desk; but instantly repenting of his error, he ran about the hospital, intreating every one to take it out; no one, however, believing his assertion, he was only answered by laughter and ridicule. After he had, in vain, implored assistance for a quarter of an hour, he expired, in the most excruciating agonies. It was ascertained after his death that the key might have been removed without the least difficulty.

NOBLE INSTANCE OF SELF GOVERNMENT.

IT is recorded of Lopez d'Acuna, a gallant Spaniard who lived in the year 1578, that being called out of his tent by a sudden alarm, his servants armed him in great haste, and though he told them his helmet pained him exceedingly, they insisted it could not be fitted better.—The brave warrior had not leisure to contest the point, but rushed to the combat, where he fought with success. Returning victorious from the field, he unlaced his casque, and throwing it down on the ground, together with his bloody ear, 'There,' said he mildly to his servants, 'was I not right when I told you how much you hurt me in putting on my helmet?'

ANECDOTE OF A DUKE OF SOMERSET.

THIS nobleman was always distinguished in the reign he lived by the title of the *Proud* Duke of Somerset. A lady, whom he had lately taken in a second marriage to wife, with good humoured ease and frankness, seated herself one day on his knee, threw her arms round his neck, and embraced him. 'Madam,' said the formal peer, 'my first wife was a Percy, and *she* would not have taken such a liberty.'

This proud duke never permitted any of his servants to turn their backs after delivering a message, but always made them walk out of the room backwards with their face towards their master.

A FOND HUSBAND'S CONSOLATION.

A gentleman once observed to a married friend that he thought him very much to be pitied, since his wife only returned him hatred and contempt for all the kindness he continually lavished on her. 'Then,' said the husband, 'she is more to be pitied than I am; for I have always before my eyes a woman I adore, while she only beholds continually a man she detests.'

RETORT COURTEOUS.

A quarrelsome French officer lately traversing one of the Boulevards at Paris, observed a person turn towards him and laugh, when he haughtily asked—"*Pourquoi, Monsieur, riez vous quand Je passe?*' (why do you laugh, Sir, as I pass?) to which the other quickly rejoined—'*Pourquoi, Monsieur, passez vous quand Je ris?*' (why do you pass, Sir, when I laugh?")

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The urbane and accomplished scholar we paid our respects to some time ago,—who makes up mouths at the Atheneum, turns up his nose at the common law of England for its want of common sense, and falls foul of Mr. Duff for reciting Dryden's ode as the author wrote it, though not as published in Enfield's Speaker—&c. &c. &c.—likewise thinks proper, in the plenitude of his wisdom, to accuse our theatrical correspondents of puffing Mrs. Wheatley. We submit it to any person *qualified* to judge, whether our correspondents ever bestowed a single laudatory epithet upon this lady of which she is not eminently deserving. Is she not unrivalled as a comedian? Would not what is in her merely minor accomplishments, be each a sufficient recommendation to any person in her profession? How many professed singers or dancers did we ever possess, equal to Mrs. Wheatley in these accomplishments? Even with regard to her attempts in tragedy, can the printer we refer to point out any performance of Ophelia superior to Mrs. Wheatley's; and the excellence of which our very friendly Smelfungus has himself extolled? The real truth of the matter is—our correspondents have been candid and independant enough to tell this accomplished actress of her faults, while they extolled, in appropriate and deserved terms, her various excellencies. It would, in our humble opinion, have redounded more to the honor of our courteous printer, to have imitated this impartial conduct, than to display his critical perspicacity by telling his readers how many faces that lady's rheumatism forced her to make, while her duty compelled her appearance on the stage. Why should our correspondents descend to *puffing? They* are neither connected with the persons they criticise by past brotherhood or present obligation. They will submit, we presume, to this imputation, whenever they confer on Mrs. Wheatley such luscious, mouth-watering panegyrick, as this printer bestows on her in his notices of one of her performances, which he solemnly declares was "*too luxurious*," as if the lady in question had been a cook wench, and had turned the stomach of her eulogist with something like a rich oyster soup. Our critical printer paws Mrs. Powell in a similar style—for whenever it is his business to speak of that lady's *acting*, he immediately falls to shouting about—*her housewifery!* Surely this printer is a true critical *Bruin*—his most mischievous faculty residing in *his hug*. But we have done. We thought it a duty we owed both to our correspondents and Mrs. Wheatley, to express our opinion of the *man-hood* which can thus sneer at the richly deserved commendations bestowed upon a lady whose indefatigable exertions to gratify the public have been frequently made, (if we can credit the assurances of several professional gentlemen,) at the imminent hazard, not only of her health, *but of her life.*

We are sorry that the late hour at which we received an elegant notice of the performance of 'The Will' on Friday evening compelled us to omit it. The writer speaks very favourably of the general ability with which it was performed and observes more particularly of Mrs. Wheatley's *Albina Mandeville*, that it was one of the most original, lively and amusing performances he ever enjoyed at the theatre.

Errata.—In our last 'Miscellany,' page 82, 3d column, line 18, for 'Mr.' read *Mrs. Shaw.*

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